

GRAUSTARK

#285

1971EB, 1971EC, 1972A, 1972E

24 February 1973

1971EB

"Spring 1911"

FRENCH ENTER VENICE

ENGLAND (Birsan): A Lon-Kie; F Hel & F Nth C A Lon-Kie; A Dur & A Ber S A Mun; A Mun S A Ber; F Pru S F Liv; F Bot S F Liv; A St.P-Mos; F Dre-Gas; F Eng-Mid; F Wes holds; F Liv S F Pru; F Per-Spa(s.c.).

FRANCE (Holcombe): A Tus-Ven; A Pie S A Tus-Ven; F Nap-Apu; A Rom S F Nap-Apu; F Tyr-Nap; F Tun-Ion.

ITALY (Brooks): A Ven-Pie; F Ion holds; F Aeg & F Adr S F Ion.

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY (Drakert): A Mos-St.P; A War-Pru; A Gal holds; A Sil S A War-Pru; A Boh-Mun; A Tyr S ITALIAN A Ven-Pie; A Vie-Tri; A Rum-Ser; F Tri-Alb; F Gre S ITALIAN F Ion.

Underlined moves are not possible. France must retreat A Pie-Tus or A Pie-Mar. Other players may make their "Fall 1911" moves conditional on the direction of this retreat. If the French player is able to send in this retreat in sufficient time, the other players will be informed by the Gamesmaster.

ROME (25 Nov. 1910): King Balbo today vowed to fight to the last man. He said "We will withstand the flood of un-washed French turncoats being driven by their English Masters."

VENICE (15 Feb. 1911): The King of Italy calls upon the King of France to regain his manhood and throw out the English "running dogs". Why give the game away? Why let yourself be bled bit-by-bit by the English Vampire? Turn and regain your homeland and all Europe will aid and respect you?

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1972E

"Spring 1910"

BALKAN WAR NEARS SHOWDOWN

ENGLAND (Abbott): F Tyr-Nap; F Wes-Tyr; F Tun-Ion; A Lon-Bal; F Eng C A Lon-Bel; F Kie-Hol; A Ruh-Mun; A Mun-Sil; A Ber-Liv; F Bal C A Ber-Liv; A St.P-Mos ((sic; no such unit exists)); F Pru-Ber; F Liv-Bot ((sic; no such unit exists)); F St.P(n.c.) & A Livonia not ordered, hold.

FRANCE (Lipson): A Pie S AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN A Tus-Ven; A Mar-Tus; F Lyo C A Mar-Tus; A Par-Gas; A Bur S ENGLISH A Ruh-Mun.

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY (Prosnitz): A Sil-Gal; A Boh-Vie; A Tyr-Tri; A Tri-Ser; A Tus-Ven; A Rom S A Tus-Ven; F Gre-Bul(s.c.).

TURKEY (Hendry): F Nap-Rom; F Smy-Aeg; F Ion S F Smy-Aeg; F Ven-Tri; F Adr S F Ven-Tri; A Con-Bul; A Ukr-War; A Gal S A Ukr-War; A Rum S A Gal.

Underlined moves are not possible. The deadline for "Fall 1910" moves is NOON, SATURDAY 10 MARCH 1973.

1972A - PRESS RELEASES

A SECRET HQ SOMEWHERE OUTSIDE WARSAW (Oct. 24, 1909, DAMN): A spokesman for the Polish Liberation Front (PLF) expressed jubilation at the renewed Austrian occupation of Poland. "Though we realize that the Austrian hold is tenuous, we now realize that they will never forsake us." Of the Russian Czar, he said, "Let him eat sauerkraut!"

VENICE (Oct. 25, 1909, DAMN): There was dancing in the streets today as the Austrian Armed Forces marched triumphantly into the city. "After many years of Turkish occupation," said one resident, "it is joyous to have the old rulers back. Now we can reopen our beer halls. The Turks are a dry country, you know. Those people just don't know how to live," he said, smiling and patting his 45-inch waistline.

(continued on p. 3)

FRUIT SALAD CONTAINS SOUR GRAPES

Some late moves got into the last turn, after p. 1 of GRAUSTARK #284 went to press but before the deadline. Italy's move was revised to "A Nap holds". This move succeeds, which means that the Turkish "F Ion-Nap" falls. Naples thus remains Italian rather than becoming Turkish. Rome remains Austro-Hungarian, but cannot build a new unit because the only Austro-Hungarian home supply center, Vienna, is still occupied. Turkey does not have a build.

Players were informed of these corrections. "Winter 1909" moves are:

FRANCE (Reif): Removes F Liverpool, F Cly.

GERMANY (Huddleston): Builds A Kie, A Mun.

RUSSIA (De Frisco): Builds A Sev.

The deadline for "Spring 1910" moves is NOON, SATURDAY 10 MARCH 1973.

Press releases begin on p. 1.

ENGLISH CALL UP FRESH REINFORCEMENTS

ENGLAND (Lipton): Builds A Edi, A Liv, F Lon.

GERMANY (Berman): Builds A Ber, A Kie.

The deadline for "Spring 1911" moves is NOON, SATURDAY 10 MARCH 1973.

Press releases begin on p. 8, and ramify all over the place.

THE MINISTRY OF MISCELLANY

Diplomacy was invented by Allan B. Selhamer and is published by Games Research Inc., 48 Wareham St., Boston, Mass. 02118. GRAUSTARK, the oldest bulletin of postal Diplomacy, will mark its 10th anniversary in May. For subscription information see p. 1. The following back issues are available at 10 issues for \$1 or 24 for £1: 120, 131, 137, 139, 140, 167, 171, 198-200, 202, 206, 215, 217, 239, 247-250, 252-259, 271, 273-284.

Games Research has recently published a brochure with information about postal Diplomacy, for which interested readers should write them. However, some corrections in it are necessary. Buddy Tretick has announced that he can no longer carry on this hobby owing to the pressure of other work. And Lawrence Peery is totally unreliable. He has been thrown out of two Diplomacy organizations dishonoris causa - including one which he himself founded. He is now trying to put together a third, under the grandiose name of "Institute for Diplomatic Studies". Two other publishers, Charles Reinsel and James Massar, labor under an inability to distinguish pretense from reality; they are in favor not only of board game wars but of real ones as well.

There will be a few changes in the schedule and game entry situation in GRAUSTARK. For details see the next issue.

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The next issue of GRAUSTARK will contain, in addition to the games, another book review in Bob Lipton's "alternate history" series, and an article by the Gamesmaster on non-military simulation games. It is entitled "Sex and Drugs, Drugs and Sex - Is That All You Kids Ever Think Of?" It comes with a good recommendation - no other article has ever scored lower with the editorial board of Moves.

Also published here is FREEDONIA, which carries the postal play of the Avalon-Hill game Origins of World War II. The next FREEDONIA will have a review of the first Canadian battle simulation game, Quebec 1759, designed by Gamma Two games of Vancouver. (This article was originally scheduled for today's FREEDONIA, but had to be postponed.)

1972A - PRESS RELEASES (continued from p. 1)

VIENNA (Oct. 27, 1909, DAMN): A spokesman for the Austrian Imperial Government remarked today at a news conference, "We're doing well on some fronts, and not so well on others. While we can't complain about our fortunes in general, I must say that, at the rate we're going, we may have to change our name from the Habsburg Empire to the Absentee Empire."

1971EC - PRESS RELEASES (continued from p. 10, which is the sort of make-up I detest, but circumstances beyond my control forced it)

shaft, which will get us to the inner world of darkness, where we will join up with Alamode, and have some apple pie."

"That is great lets go!"

TIME MESH #1(&)B (70 M): Flying high above Alamode there is a blip, a figure approaches to edge of said blip, where upon he yells down, "Hey man can you point me the way to Naomi's place?"

"Hell NO, I'm trying to get there myself."

"In that case, hop aboard and we try and find it."

Where upon a rope is let down, and Alamode climbs the latter, followed by his loyal subjects, Mr. Nobody.

They are greeted by a tall dark fellow with an Afro haircut. Behind him stands a woman of great beauty. A beauty that time could not erase.

Combing his fine Afro, the dark man says, "Hi, guys, I'm Leroy the Boy, and behind me is the famous beauty of the centuries, Lucrecia. It seems some where some time ago, we were flying high over the Provenice of Trieste and this dumb Kaiser in a time machine caught us as he left for another time line, and damn it but we don't know where we are. We were told, that if we find Naomi she tell us how we can get back to where we came from. Do you guys dig it?"

Hasha speaking up "Man," he says, "I'm on your groove. Put it there soul brother. Like I know where it is at, I'm after the same thing you are."

Turning to Lucrecia, "I think this guys has had too, too much, of something."

Again speaking to Alamode "Ok, like man we are in this together ck?"

"I knew you'd dig it."

ETERNITY (TIMELESS): Operator of machine XW 1234ZY, looks into the scope. His assignment is watching the time of 71ECDip Grau Decade 1900-1910. Operator of machine XW 1235ZY has the same time line but from 1910-1920.

"Mike did you see anything funny coming on your scope?"

"What you mean Jim?"

"It seems as though I'm getting feed over with people from a different world, like man it is getting very wried over here."

"Let me take a look." Goes over to look. "You know you are right. By gollyy I'll call the head of the section over."

Over walk Ernst Geogre, the head of ZY section.

"What is the matter boys?"

"Look sir," Pointing to the machine.

"Seems allright to me."

"But sir some of those things just don't belong there."

"What? were they put there, or something, to make the decade much more stable?"

"No sir, if you ask me the decade has become much less stable."

"Sir, rush over here to # 1235 please."

"What is it?"

"Sir I've gotten something that doesn't jive at all. two new charactors have appeared on the scope and they don't belong to any time line in this section at all."

"Press you activate bottom and see what that does."

Button pushed "Nothing sir. At this rate we're going to have all the time lines come into one and then where will we be."

((Where indeed? See the next issue for the conclusion of this conversation.))

4
THE DIPLOMATIC POUCH

KEN SCHER, 3119 Mott Ave., Far Rockaway, N. Y. 11691 (8 January 1973): A while back in GRAUSTARK, you mentioned some bumper-stickers that you found amusing. Here's one that I've seen that I think you'll enjoy:

MAFIA STAFF CAR
KEEPA U HANDS OFF!

- ((Or, if it Hertz, you drive!))

MARK WEIDMARK, 528 Park Crescent, Pickering, Ontario (13 January 1973): Re your comments to John Boyer's letter in GRAUSTARK #281. You said it, the NSF is "comparable" to the postal Diplomacy fandom. Still, the IDA was faced with new and different problems - requiring the better part of the first year.

Not much to say, but in all the some 30 issues of GRAUSTARK I've received, I thought it was about time. I'd like to compliment you on your effort. Some people seem to complain that you have an "anti-everything" attitude to the extent of contradicting yourself. Well, you have one, and that is what makes every issue of GRAUSTARK interesting. Keep up the good bitching!

((Thanks. If I am contradictory, it is because I have gradually becoming more and more pessimistic about ending this war and the outlook that will create more of them. Methods of political remedies that seemed sensible a few years ago now have little likelihood of becoming effective. The best we can do is to publicly identify the pro-war types, break off contact with them, and seek our individual solutions. A social solution would be better, but go tell it at Kent State.))

JIM REILLY, Box 1499, Hoya Station, Georgetown University, Washington, D. C. 20007 (17 January 1973): Suggested slogan for a placard to carry in the planned January 20th demonstrations: "This administration is a bomb".

((Wait till this administration lays Big Eddie on Hanoi - then talk about bombs.))

...Say, how does one not come to Washington if he's already here? (That sounds like the title of the next Firesign Theater album.)

"Domini, domini, domini, you're all Catholics now."

I know all of this is irrelevant.

• • • ((You belong in Washington.))

DICK TRTEK, Room 212, Boucher Hall, 915 E. 53rd St., Chicago, Ill. 60637: A few issues ago someone asked for the name of the country in Million Dollar Legs. I didn't at the time, but I would like to correct the spelling which you gave in your answer. To be exact, "Klopstokia" is spelled without a "c".

• TERRY KUCH, 8419 Idylwood Road, Vienna, Va. 22180 (1 July 1972): The following quotation is for your assassination file:

"Because of Wallace's obvious drawbacks as a potential national leader, he cannot himself expect to achieve power, but his presence in the field blocks anyone else from coming to the forefront...For a true populist movement to have effect nationally, Wallace would have to be removed from the scene...If he were out of the picture and a competent, more widely accepted, populist leader were to appear, American politics in the 1970s might change radically." (Emphasis supplied.)

(Herman Kahn & B. Bruce-Briggs, Things to Come, Macmillan, 1972, p. 104.)

The interesting complication is that none of the organizations widely thought to be implicated in the American political assassinations of the past few years have anything to gain from the death of Wallace, if Kahn's analysis is accurate.

The CIA, FBI, even Herman Kahn himself, would all be losers if Wallace were "removed from the scene", as would Richard Nixon, Henry Kissinger, and others often thought nefarious.

Look closely at the next populist who comes along.

((I would take a rather different view. The assassinations of Martin Luther King, Robert Kennedy, and George Wallace - for as far as having a political future he is dead now - do have one theme in common. King's death removed from the scene the most prestigious non-violent Negro leader, leaving the field by default to the violent. Furthermore, the widespread rioting at his death crystallized a white backlash which had im-

portant consequences in the attitude of American whites. It was this rioting that convinced Governor Agnew of Maryland that he had better cast his lot with the white backlash. (John Lindsay wasn't aware of this when, a few months later, he seconded the vice-presidential nomination of what he thought was a fellow eastern-seaboard big-city liberal Republican.) And Robert Kennedy would unquestionably have beaten Nixon in 1968.

((As for Wallace, he was threatening to draw conservative votes away from Nixon as he had in 1968. An analysis of the 1968 and 1972 election returns throws a chilling mathematical light on the situation. Democrats opposed to McGovern have tried to represent him as a much worse candidate than Humphrey. In fact, McGovern lost scarcely a Humphrey vote except in such special situations as Texas. Let us assume that all the Wallace votes cast in 1968 had gone to Nixon. In that case Humphrey would have carried only Hawaii, Maine, Massachusetts, Minnesota, New York, Rhode Island, and the District of Columbia, with 43% of the vote to Nixon's 57%. Of these states, Minnesota and Maine were carried because they had favorite sons on the ticket, and New York would have gone to Humphrey by only 11,674 votes. An additional local factor comes in here. There is a right-wing Republican splinter in New York called the Conservative Party which can deliver about 300,000 votes. In 1968 the Republicans refused to put up a joint ticket with them. Had they done so, and picked up the Wallace vote as well, they would have carried New York. In 1972 they did put up a joint ticket for Nixon and Agnew, and carried New York by over a million votes.

((So - if we assume that the 1968 Wallace and Conservative vote had gone for Nixon, he would have received 57% of the vote, 45 states, and 499 electoral votes. In 1972 these votes did go to Nixon, and he got 61% of the popular vote, 49 states, and 521 electoral votes.

((Thus, with Wallace out of the picture, Nixon's 1968 squeaker became a 1972 landslide...with the difference between Humphrey and McGovern actually counting for very little. It therefore appears that the practical effect of most of the assassinations and attempted assassinations of the past decade has been to advance the once-defunct political career of Richard M. Nixon.))

ANDREW WEILL, 1892 Yale Station, New Haven, Conn. 06520 (8 January 1973): I feel compelled to write regarding some of your recent statements, but let me preface this by saying I have a high regard for the moral conviction which prompts your views.

In GRAUSTARK #281 you printed "Highlights in the Career of Harry S. Truman". I felt that you lost your point by writing invective rather than objectivity; HST was an individual with his good and bad points, just like me or, I daresay, you. Let's look at some examples:

"...the most corrupt administration since Harding's." Source? Details? My own belief is that HST had nothing worse than Nixon - but your point could be valid. Give your readers some credit to make decisions for themselves.

((I thought that this expression limited the administrations under consideration to those between Harding and Truman. Certainly in the matter of corruption the Johnson and Nixon administrations hit depths undreamed of by the Ohio Gang or Truman's poker-table cabinet. The idea that a man with Abe Fortas's record could be nominated as Chief Justice, or the whole sorry mess of Watergate, are utterly unprecedented in national politics, though still far behind the standards of corruption set by various local machines.))

"Begins Cold War". Single-handedly? HST's responsibility should not be minimized, nor should it be exaggerated. The world situation produced the Cold War; its roots were older than HST. We know this, so don't insult our intelligence or your own.

((By now we know what it means when some jerkwater military dictatorship is praised as a "bastion of the free world". It means that Uncle Sucker is going to pour men, money, and guns down the drain to back up a two-bit dictator and help him oppress further an already miserable people. Truman started this with the "Truman Doctrine" in 1947, pleading as his excuse the existence of a Sinister Monolithic International Communist Conspiracy (SMICC).

((In 1947 we had no idea where this kind of talk was leading. Now we do. The question of why the SMICC suddenly became a menace in 1947 has never been satisfactorily answered. If the SMICC is really as terrible as all this, then why didn't the US cooperate with Churchill in 1920 or with Hitler in 1941 to destroy it?

((The sudden American concern about the SMICC in 1947, after years of cooperation with this alleged menace in the destruction of Nazism, was not caused by international politics, but rather by the needs of American politicians for a plausible menace to justify vast armaments programs and an increase of their own authority.))

"Becomes the Lyn on Johnson of Korea". Again, invective. I remember LBJ for progressive social legislation (object if you will; I speak relatively) and HST didn't do that in Korea. ((For how much "progressive social legislation" was LBJ responsible in Vietnam?)) Or perhaps you mean that HST, like LBJ, overrode important military men who wished a wider war. You see my point. Again, HST was not solely responsible for Korea.

Passing on to the Massar letter - I have no personal knowledge of the man. But to characterize any human being who breathes and feels as "slime" is a bit harsh, I think.

Your point about being Massar's moral superior is invalid. ((He's for war. I'm against it. The case rests.)) I could care less about what you say or Massar says - what do you do? Do you express the ideals of peace, dignity, and freedom in your daily life? I will not judge you till I see what you do. Some of the kindest, most moral men I know are Hawks ((ipse dixit)); some of the most despicable, Doves. Just being a Pacifist isn't enough for me; live it and prove it. Good people are found everywhere, even in the pro-war ranks. As a human being, you should recognize the good in every human soul and - but not only - recognize and condemn the bad. To discount another as "slime" is no better than Adolph Hitler discounting Jews as "inferior". Maybe no worse - but no better.

If you are right, don't just tell me so. - Convince me. I'll listen to rational arguments. You disclaim belief in the International Communist Conspiracy. So do I. But I believe the political history of the Soviet Union is such as to indicate their desire to weaken the western powers. I believe the Soviet rulers are totalitarian and oppressive (much more so than in the industrialized Western nations). The Berlin Wall is the most eloquent expression of this difference. I oppose the Soviet Union and what it represents. I don't believe that makes me paranoid or pro-war.

I agree the concerns of 1972 are what we must worry about. The world is not as moral as you, John; we have to know some dirty punches to survive. We all make concessions in the real world; you are a tacit partner in Vietnam too. So - let's be human to each other. Our leaders are human (sometimes I have my doubts) and are motivated by something similar to us. They don't want to kill people; they feel they are right. And personally some of them have done fine things.

Incidentally, why don't you ever condemn the activities of Eastern totalitarians such as the Hanoi regime? ((Because it isn't insulting me by claiming to act in my name, or in the name of my country.)) Why only condemn our devils? In Hanoi, I doubt any protest is allowed; GRAUSTARK would never be tolerated. Nor would it be in Saigon. Why is one better than the other? Between murderers, who and how do you pick?

((Don't ask me - ask Nixon.))

JOHN BESHARA, Apt. 1021, 155 W. 68th St., New York, N. Y. 10023 (7 December 1972): The Diplomacy Association is still forming games composed solely of newcomers. Everyone is welcome to play so long as they did not begin postal Diplomacy prior to a year ago. Gamefees are \$6.00, less a 50 cent discount for TDA members. Checks should be made payable to The Diplomacy Association and mailed to me, along with a country-preference listing.

LAURFENCE A. MORAN, 130-A Devereux Avenue, Princeton, N. J. 08540: Please renew my subscription to GRAUSTARK...This should be enough for 16 issues. Divide the remainder in half and place bets on Phumpha and Pollutidar and Turkey, unless Robert of Abalone is still alive. Don't donate any of it to URRP but use at least 42% to buy a CARE package for Philadelphia.

ROBERT SPENCER, #5, 100 W. Pine St., Shelton, Wash. 98584 (23 January 1973): I thoroughly enjoy your editorial comments. In fact, reading them in the sample copy you sent went a long ways towards convincing me to subscribe to your magazine. They are especially interesting in that though our political philosophies seem to be polar opposites, we appear to have arrived at remarkably similar opinions on a great many specific issues. This made reading through your back issues very enjoyable - until #276, p. 3.

(continued on p. 12)

...AND 'ROUND AND 'ROUND IT GOES - II

by Robert Bryan Lipton

Among the most fascinating numbers on the Wheel of If are those universes in which the Confederacy won the American Civil War. I know of three stories which have used this assumption as the starting point of major works: Winston Spencer Churchill's "If Lee Had Not Won the Battle of Gettysburg", in J. C. Squire's *If* (reviewed, GRAUSTARK #246), MacKinlay Kantor's "If the South Had Won the Civil War", which appeared in *Look* in 1960, and Ward Moore's *Bring the Jubilee*, which appeared in book form in 1955 and has recently been re-issued by Avon (V2440/754). Of the three, Moore's book is undoubtedly the best; the characters are believable, the world is realistic, and the plot is of the convoluted 'the music goes 'round and 'round, and it comes out here' variety.

On July 1, 1863 the Southron command had Roundtop and Cemetery Hills occupied. As a result, the Army of Virginia won the field at Gettysburg. A few weeks later, a battered, weary North accepted the gracious peace terms of the South. The border between the Confederacy and the United States was set as the Mason-Dixon Line, the Ohio River, and, from the Confluence of the Mississippi and Missouri to the West Coast, the 37th parallel. The South also took all of California.

While the North slowly sank into an attitude of defeatism, the South conquered all of the New World south of themselves except Haiti.

Against this background is laid the story of Hodgins McCormick Backmaker. A dreamer, he runs away from the small town of Wappinger Falls to the largest city in the decaying United States, New York. Upon arrival, he is mugged, loses all his money, and is helped by a friendly, hangover-ridden man, who takes him to the bookshop of Roger Tyss. Hodgins spends six years at the bookshop, soaking up information, being scoffed at by Tyss, and preparing for a career as a historian.

But the course of true love, even the love of knowledge, never did run smooth. Tyss is mixed up with a nationalist organization called 'the Grand Army'. After a near-fatal incident concerning this group, Hodgins decides to leave Tyss. He sends out a duplicated letter to various Northern universities, outlining what he believes are his qualifications.

Much to his surprise, he is approached by a representative from Hagershaven, a small intellectual commune just outside of York, Pennsylvania.

Hodgins goes to Hagershaven, and passes eight years there. A lady physicist, with whom he has an off-and-on affair, is engaged in building a time machine, to release her hostilities against her mother. Hodgins, who by this time has acquired a sizeable reputation as an expert on the War of Southron Independence, convinces the physicist to send him back to the Battle of Gettysburg so that he can write a history that is better than any other.

Sent back, he comes upon a small group of Confederate soldiers who are assigned to take Round Tops. He panics them, and they move back to the Confederate lines, permitting the U. S. troops to take it...

Among other things, this results in the death of the ancestor of the physicist who sent Hodgins back. He is stuck in this alternate universe; it is ours.

This book has, besides a fascinating plot, two strong assets. The first one is the care with which Moore has built up this world. It is entirely self-consistent. The other major strength is Moore's excellent portraits of the characters of the book. Hodgins, his father, Tyss, the Haitian consul M. Enfandin, and many others are all fully realized characters.

But sadly, this book has a myriad of flaws. The background of this book, historically, is ridiculous. For reasons why the Confederacy could not win the war, even with a victory at Gettysburg, the best expert is probably Fletcher Pratt in *Ordeal by Fire*. Even with a Gettysburg victory, the best the South could have gotten would have been a peace in which the seceding states alone remained independent. Even if the peace had been that of Hodge's world, the Southerners had neither the military, the financial, nor the industrial power to conquer all of Latin America. Finally, even if we assume that they did conquer it, with a citizenship of fifty millions, and a national population of a quarter of a billion, the interracial problems would have crippled the Con-

federacy to such an extent that it could never have become the most powerful nation on Earth. As a look at a similar state, the Austro-Hungarian Empire, will show, it is only due to the fact that the Czechs, Slovaks, and Slovenes (and to a lesser extent the Magyars) were so accustomed to Austrian rule that the Empire did not begin to fragment until late 1917. Certainly, the Habsburgs were not a world power.

There are numerous other mistakes. Moore's account of Gettysburg does not match up too closely with any others I have read. The discussion of the history of the antebellum North America is far too detailed. The discussion of international politics does not deserve the space devoted to it. This 222-page book could easily have been cut thirty or forty pages. In fact, the original version that appeared in Fantasy & Science Fiction in 1953 is superior to this expanded (or perhaps uncut) version.

Finally, I have a minor complaint. Moore does not use the apostrophe in contractions. I realize that e e cummings did it. (As Jesus told us. But Moore wouldn't believe it.) But one does not expect to, nor wish to go over a novel in the syllable-by-syllable manner required by good poetry. Damon Knight wished on Avram Davidson a spelling book. Perhaps we should wish a grammar on Moore so that he can recite a spell and not make all these terrible mistakes. His strong points are just too good.

So, in summing up, this is a good book though not one that will go into my list of classics. It is worth one or two good readings, and a slightly uncritical enjoyment. But don't use this in your English courses.

By the by, there is a book by Moore that I very strongly recommend. It is Joyleg, a collaboration by Moore and the aforementioned Avram Davidson, the story about a man in the back hills of Tennessee, who has lived two centuries by virtue of soaking in a particularly foul bath of moonshine. The book is a pure delight. It is \$5.95 from Walker, but worth every mill of it.

1971EC - PRESS RELEASES

MIDDLE FIRTH (JRRT): Firto, and Hasha have been walking throughout the ecentry. That onee was, when Firto asks

"What was the none of this Land?"

"Happy Half Acres!"

"But it is so gloomy!"

"Yes, but it used to be happy, See a Long time ago, There was this man, Raheit alamode, The most graicus knight of the roard Table. Will he went on an adventure About many moons ago, It is believed that heis Lost in Philly. Or Some other plare. The people are Mournig him."

"I see."

PHILLY (HERE): Take Robert, And Nomai back, Please!

GOERGETOWN (GONE): Rohert Alamode meet Herbert half wit far the fust tine.

"Hi guy"

"HI your self guy"

"I'm Robert Alamodo"

"I'm dunb shit, Herbie, or Also know as fat litthe turk, Russian, Dutch Boy, The Fly Datch Boy. Umberty. and, Herbert Halfwit.

Falling to his knees, "Oh Commad me oh master, I'm yours. I'm been Lookig far you far Some time phearo yeath me the ways of right, oh Master..."

WOO-HERE, L. I. (from Kinney, Lipschitz & Boringman: Synthesists): To continue our fight against the coallescation of time-lines, we will need help in tracking down the culprits. Therefore, post these WANTED posters where they can be seen.

WANTED: for attempted time-line coallescation: Herbert Barents, alias 'John A. Boardman', alias 'Eric Blake', alias 'Mutinus Nightstand', alias 'Dutchboy'. Distinguishing characteristics: Unable to spell, mustache, dark hair, approx. 42 years of age. If found, do not attempt to deal with him, as he may be armed with a mimeo machine and gray paper. Contact the authorities.

NOTE: Herbert Barents may be disguised as a Russian, Turkish, or Dutch national, or a combination thereof.

WANTED: for attempted time-line coallescation: Geertruid Van Geig, alian 'Naomi', alias 'Namoi', alias 'Pil the Promiscuous'. Distinguishing characteristics: Unable to

talk properly, mustache, blond hair, approx. 24 years. If found, please contact the Scarlet Pumpernickel or local office of Kinney, Lipschultz & Boringman.

SOMEWHERE ON PRIME TIMELINE (IDUNNO): The Scarlet Pumpernickel, his red cloak swirling about him, walked into the offices of SPATS (Society for the Prevention of Alternates Timelines Sealing). Ignoring the secretary, he went to the slightly ajar door, kicked it open and stamped in, pushing his fedora down to his ears.

"Come in," said the shadowed figure sitting behind the desk. A puff of smoke emerged from his mouth, which was then occupied by a rhombohedral pipe. This was the man, known only as "R", who ran SPATS. "Report."

"Naomi got away."

"How?"

The Scarlet Pumpernickel gave R a quick resume. Afterwards, R puffed quietly on his pipe for a few minutes, then turned on the foglights and located the Scarlet Pumpernickel. "You two used to be close." It was halfway between a question and a statement. In my dictionary, that's "Rheoquam".

The Scarlet Pumpernickel thought of the time he had passed with Naomi: sunning at the Cocoanuts Hotel; playing checkers at the Shady Rest; being busted in the Kankakee porn shop... "No," he said.

R continued to puff. The smoke drifted over to the Scarlet Pumpernickel. "That's Bell's Three Nuns mixed 1:3 with Macbaren's Latakia, right?"

"No. Chopped ragweed mixed 2:3 with Twining's Breakfast Tea." There was silence as the Scarlet Pumpernickel tried to retain his dinner.

"We're going to give you some help on this case."

"You know I've always worked by myself."

"Don't worry. Natasha," he said to the vase of gladioli on his desk, "Send them in."

Six men in red cloaks kicked open the door and stamped in, pushing their fedoras down to their ears.

"Scarlet Pumpernickel," said R, "meet Scarlet Pumpernickel, Scarlet Pumpernickel, Snalet Mumperpickel..."

"Knew he couldn't say that three times fast," chorused all seven Scarlet Pumpernickels. "How?" they asked in unison.

"Different timelines. DIP-1971-EC, WW-72.26c, DIP-1972-G, and a few more we're keeping under our hats."

Each of the seven crack agents removed his fedora and scratched his scalp. "Nothing there," they all agreed.

"Never mind. '71-EC and '70-BN are coalescing. Stop it."

"But how do I know I can count on these others?" the seven asked.

"Don't worry. Move."

All the Scarlet Pumpernickels strode proudly to the door and collided. "Sorry; pardon me; whoops; watch it; dreadfully sorry; ouch; excuse me," the seven apologized. While they returned each other's fedoras and again tried unsuccessfully to leave, R took two aspirin, and a puff on his pipe, held his face in his hands and said, "I don't need this."

HYDUNDERABAD (United Rabble Rousing Press): Maharajah Kamasutra IX, absolute ruler of this small Indian state, affirmed that the sinister spy, the Scarlet Pumpernickel, was indeed aiding the rebel forces of Pandit the Bandit. "Although our intelligence service has not been able to locate this skulker," said the Maharajah, "we can assure the people of Hydunderabad that he is not in the Palace itself. However, we have located his superior, the enigmatic 'R'. He was recently seen in the Phumphan town of Y, leaving a movie theater which was showing a twin bill - 'M' and 'Z'."

MASONOPOLIS, PHUMPHA (Inner District Underground News Nurturing Offices): Mixumaxu Gazette Quantity Publishers today announced the following volume: Phumphan Literature, edited by Marcus Golber and Kelvin the Swede. A spokesman for MGQP stated that "Sales will be greater for this book than for any previously published, because it's the first."

"We expect to sell four copies. Each of the two editors will want one, and the Phumphan Institute for Higher Learning has bought three."

This exhaustive seventeen-page folio, which will have each item printed in the

five major languages of Phumpha (Basque, Hittite, Trade Greek, Pig Latin, and Innominatan Vlach), will contain the following works: The Coming of Cohen, the twelfth century ballad about the Jew who prevented anti-Semitism in Phumpha by personally making sure that every member of the following generation would be half-Jewish; Minnow Fishing in Craven-On-the-Puddle, the page and a half Phumphan novel that is the greatest ever written, because it is the only one; How Do I Live Thee? I Can't Count Past One, the love poem that Edmund Wilson described as "Blecchh"; and the Phumphan National Anthem, Oh, Phumpha, of which John N has said: "It stirs the stomach of every true Phumphan."

The book will be published as soon as a typesetter who can read is found.

MIDDLE FIRTH (Bottom Of A Sewage Tank): Robert Alamode stills pondering his fate. It seems as though his loyal men feel that it has been them that have been getting the shaft and they don't want that to be any more. Thusly they are not looking for the shaft that would lead them to the tunnel, that is the only way out. It is the route that Naomi took to rid herself of this terrible place, known to some as the Inner crust, to some as Woodmere, and to most as Brooklyn. But I digress.

Robert, has been studying his fate now for 5 or 6 hours when his loyal (his only loyal man) comes to him and asks.

"Bob is their anything that I can do for you?"

"Yes."

"Well, tell me what is it!!?????"

"Get me a great big piece of Apple Pie, with gobs of ice cream all over it, with a cherry on top, would you?"

"BOB! AT A TIME LIKE THIS?"

"Can you think of a better time?"

"No."

"Well?"

"Dutch Apple, or Regular?"

"Dutch Apple."

"Be back soon."

PHONEY BALONEY (OOPS): Today this country, the world leader in the export of Dutch Apple pies, announced that it had an order from Middle Firth, and was about to deliver the worlds most expensive Apple pie in the world. The price was set at \$1234321234544-8670947535219384620094857635426177 1526474859.90 It seems as though was for the one and only Robert Alamode, the famous soldier from Phumphia, that entered into the inner crusts in search of treasure. It is assumed that he really struck it.

HELLESPINTER (HOT): Hasha and Frito, along with Aqua Lung have decided that some how their lives had gotten all mixed up. It seems that Hasha never had a chance to complete his stroy before his time line disappeared, and Frito seems to have had second thoughts about being in this time line. Anyway, the crux of the matter is, that there is something red, that as told them that it was they that were the ones that had to put a key in the right place and the world would be save.

Now the problem that they are having, is which door will the Key fit, if it is a door? Their are millions upon millions of things that this key could fit in. There is one thing clear though, and that is that it belongs somewhere in the lands that lie below the earth. Thus our heros have once again decided that they must go back into the world of hell, order that they might bring the world into safety.

"I ask you Frito, how shall we find our way back into the depths of the earth?"

"Well, my dear Hash, I'm sure you'll think of some way that will allow us to reach the heart of the inner most world."

"You now you are right."

Where upon, Hasha light his very personal Hasha Hisha pipe.

"You know that I think much better with this in my mouth that any other way?"

"I didn't know that, can I try it?"

"Sure. Be very careful though."

Where upon Frito, takes a very big and long puff.

"Hey, man I know how now."

"How man, just lay the whole thing upon me."

"That palace we passed, it has a door that leads to the tunnel that leads to the

(continued on p. 3)

THE MINISTRY OF MISCELLANY

"Allow the President to invade a neighboring nation whenever he shall deem it necessary to repel an invasion, and you allow him to do so, whenever he may choose to say he deems it necessary for such purpose - and you allow him to make war at pleasure. Study to see if you can fix any limit to his power in this respect, after you have given him so much as you propose. If, today, he should choose to say he thinks it necessary to invade Canada to prevent the British from invading us, how could you stop him? You may say to him, 'I see no probability of the British invading us,' but he will say to you, 'be silent; I see it, if you don't.'" - Abraham Lincoln, letter to William Herndon, 15 February 1848

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"PASADENA, TEXAS (AP): City Councilman Don LaFitte says he has no plans to seek political office again at the close of his present term because of 'illness and fatigue'.

"The voters are sick and tired of us," said LaFitte, who has served four two-year terms on the council of this Houston suburb." - New York Post

*

"The Americans have been beaten out of Vietnam; all American soldiers will leave, and the North Vietnamese will stay behind with 140,000 men; when you are forced to leave and the other guy is still there, you have lost...The little men in the black pajamas have beaten technology, have smashed holes through America's flabby missionary rhetoric, have exposed the Americans as just another in a long line of warrior peoples whose moment has passed." - Pete Hamill, New York Post, 29 January 1973

*

Sometimes a respect for the traditions of America's various ethnic groups seems a bit hard to manage. Or so the New Mexico Bicentennial Commission is discovering. The NMBC drew up plans to issue a commemorative medallion in honor of Esteban, a leader in the first Spanish expedition across the state. Esteban, it seems, was a Negro. It also seems that he showed the characteristic cruelty of the conquistadores, and loud protests about the medallion have come from New Mexico's large Indian population. (New York Times, 21 January 1973)

*

Our continually deteriorating postal service has thought up some new ideas. They include a surcharge for oversize first- or third-class letters, and decentralized sorting facilities that mean mail will be shuffled around the suburbs instead of being handled at one centralized facility. But for bulk mailers there will be quantity discounts even on third-class mail. (New York Times, 19 January 1973)

It may get worse. There are disquieting rumors that eventually the USPS will end all home mail delivery, requiring mail to be picked up at the post office as it was over a century ago.

*

Every New Year's Day, people anxiously consult astrologers to find out what is ahead for the coming year. Here is one list of dire predictions: Mrs. Gandhi will be ousted as Prime Minister of India; Archbishop Makarios will be overthrown as President of Cyprus; war will threaten on the Russo-Chinese border; Lucille Ball will retire; Julie Andrews will return to a London show; a Red plot will shake world capitals; Tito's health will cause concern in Yugoslavia.

This is

But don't worry too much. These events were predicted for 1972, by astrologer Maurice Woodruff. (Robin Adams Sloan, New York Daily News, 28 January 1973) Woodruff also predicted that Nixon would be re-elected, but by a very narrow margin.

O At
P Great
E Intervals
R This
A Appears
T To
I Inflame
O Optic
N Nerves

In fact, astrologers generally seem to have had it in for Nixon. As far back as 1969, an astrologer I know was solemnly assuring everybody that Nixon would not seek re-election.

You might save up all the predictions that came out at the beginning of this year. They'll make very amusing reading in January 1974.

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What will the Man of Blood do to Hanoi when the truce falls through? Well, there is his own quote on the use of nuclear weapons. And there is in Vietnam a cadre that can carry this into effect.

This fact was revealed five years ago, as an unintentional result of the armed forces' public relations machine. This machine sends out a report to a soldier's hometown newspaper when he is promoted, transferred, decorated, or otherwise made newsworthy.

In February 1968 this small ration of fame came to PFC Francis Monahan, whose hometown paper was the Chelsea-Clinton News, a weekly neighborhood paper published on the west side of Manhattan, just north of Greenwich Village. In the issue of 22 February 1968 this paper reported that PFC Monahan had been shipped to Cuchi, Vietnam on 7 January, having completed his training as a nuclear weapons assembly technician.

WBAI-FM and the Village Voice broke the story on 26 February. A WBAI phone call to PFC Monahan's parents confirmed the report.

"We will all go together when we go..."

THE DIPLOMATIC POUCH (continued from p. 6)

You were commenting on the Mormon Church (for short) and your last sentence contained the phrase "...the appropriately named angel Moroni". I hope, Mr. Boardman, that this was just a thoughtless lapse. Just between you and I, I am not a Mormon (in fact, I am an agnostic). Indeed, I regard the Mormon beliefs as considerably more dubious than many others (which is saying a lot). But I believe, Mr. Boardman, that one can disagree with a religious body's actions, or point out their potential harm (such as discussing Catholics and birth control), without descending (and in my opinion, you did descend a long ways from a very high standard) to juvenile carping. Disagree with a man's religion if you will, but do not, if at all avoidable, insult his beliefs.

Perhaps I am over-reacting. I have an extremely strong bias in favor of the Bill of Rights and human dignity in general, and this causes me, when I read a comment like this of yours, to instantly assume a facial expression halfway between a sneer and a snarl. This comment of yours was a single, isolated flaw in an otherwise praiseworthy performance (well - not quite that perfect, but pretty damned good). I would just like to think that it will remain isolated.

((With all due regards for your respect for liberty of belief, I fear not. I have a liberty of belief too, and if a religious devotee expresses a particularly ludicrous or dangerous belief, I will gladly point out the fact. Joseph Smith's gold plates, the marvelous state kept by a fisherman's heir in Rome, the pettifogging dietary laws of a dozen conflicting beliefs, and the revivalist ecstasies favored by the tradition into which I was born, are alike legitimate subjects for satire.))

GRAUSTARK #285

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FIRST CLASS MAIL

"Tactical atomic explosives are now conventional and will be used against the military targets of any aggressive force." - Richard M. Nixon